

## Night Flight

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Summary: Late at night strange thoughts come to the front of your mind...twist...

## Night Flight

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Night Flightby Sheryl Martin

The small commuter plane was half-empty; a late flight back to Washington after another interesting case. The cabin lights had been dim for the better part of an hour; the few passengers dozing on and off.

Fox Mulder groggily opened his eyes with a deep yawn. Rolling his head to the right, he could see the peaceful face of his partner in the seat beside him. Still mostly asleep; he paused to take in the picture with little thought as to his intentions or reasons.

Her left cheek rested on the pale white pillow; an auburn wave falling over her right eye. His gaze travelled over the soft curves of her nose; her eyes - those eyes that could say so much with a single glance that he could have sworn she was telepathic.

The sparkling, dancing look she occasionally gave him that sent a chill up and down his spine; pooling in his stomach with a burst of heat that he loved, even when she was making fun of him. The deep, brooding gaze she showed him when Melissa had died; when he had woken up from the gunshot she had been forced to give him to save his life; when once again they had failed... It tore into his gut and ripped through him with a larger sense of failure than if he had been alone; this feeling that he had somehow failed her more than the situation

itself. The thoughtful, caring glance that she sent his way when things were going well; when everything was coming together and even if they had been arguing over the means, the truth had somehow managed to find the way out... That look rolled over him like a wave of hot sunshine; enveloping him in so much caring and warmth and love...

He blinked.

His eyes drifted south; over the graceful nose down to the slightly parted lips; the slightest bit of moisture drying from where she must have licked them before dozing off. The scarlet silkiness that no lipstick could make more alluring; more demanding...

The slightest tilt of one end of her mouth upward in jest; poking holes in his theories and at the same time challenging him to prove himself again to her; setting his pulse racing. But when it arced down - the quivering of fear, of pain, of horror at some of the sights they had seen... that she had seen alone and couldn't tell him yet. The nausea swirled around his head and pitted his thoughts with darkness at seeing it. And then the final expression; when she smiled at him and somehow he knew that he would walk through fire for this woman; that in so many ways he had already and she knew it without having to hear the words spoken...

She stirred. Her tongue flicked out to wet her lips; making his heart shudder in his chest.

Closing his eyes, Fox Mulder went back to sleep.

Dana Scully put her hand to her mouth; stifling the yawn as she opened her eyes and stretched her arms and legs out to their full length; thankful for once that she was a bit shorter than most travellers. Take Mulder beside her, for example...

Anytime, anywhere.

Where the hell did that thought come from, Dana Katherine Scully?

Pulling her weary eyes open, she focused in on the man beside her; his head propped back and his mouth hanging open, the slightest bit of a snore escaping. Her mouth twitched into a smile, watching the air slip noisily from his mouth. A lazy lock of dark hair had fallen over his forehead; threatening to fall into his eyes.

That strange part of him that said so much without even having words pass through it; that window into his soul. The deep thick lips that would seemingly pout at her while she chastised him for some mistake, some overlooked bit of protocol that would surely cost them their jobs and somehow didn't; that would flex into a tight line as he silently fought against what she was saying, whether or not it was true - and the tighter the line, the closer she was to being right; the soft smile that consoled her, that held her close and tight in a deadly world where the only truth was what the two of them had.

Her eyes travelled up, over the strong features that seemed at times to be set in stone but now were relaxed and childlike in their innocence, to the closed eyes.

So much came from his eyes; no matter what colour they seemed to be. She could have sworn that he wore different coloured contact lenses just to annoy women, if she didn't know better. But those eyes could say so much, could reach down into the very bottom of her being and see what so many had tried to see and failed. That changed every time she stared at him; the cold distrust that had first greeted her in that basement office when she had extended her hand to begin her assignment, the grudging respect when she had earned his trust enough to share his ideas and theories; the warm tenderness when she needed to know that he was there with her, during Pfaster, when Melissa died... All he was, was inside those eyes - if you were allowed to look.

And he did let her look. Sometimes she was scared to; but she always managed to look and deal with what she saw reflected back at her.

And sometimes she wasn't, and the feelings would rise up to overwhelm her until she could regain her composure. And she knew that he knew, and he'd smile that secret smile that sent her mind spinning and her heart pumping just that much faster; like a schoolgirl getting her first kiss.

She blinked.

He moved slightly, his head tilting to one side and sliding down off the headrest to land uncomfortably on her shoulder. He was going to have one hell of a sore neck when they landed. She should wake him up and send him back to his own seat.

Closing her eyes again, Dana Scully let her breath out slowly and swam back into a light sleep. After all, what were friends for if you couldn't fall asleep on their shoulder now and then?

\*\*\*\*\*"No matter where you go, there you are..." -  
Buckaroo Banzai

End  
file.